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KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." Tennyson understood the matter well enough, for he was one of the wisest of men. But the phrase, glibly quoted though it may be, probably has little meaning for the majority of those who use it. To cocksure youth, in particular, making confident pronouncement upon all things in heaven and earth, the distinction be-

tween knowledge and wisdom can hardly exist, for wisdom is of the years far beyond, when knowledge shall have been duly sifted and synthesized. And what passes for wisdom even to advanced age may be no more than that crystallized prejudice which is the intellectual foundation of most lives that are past their prime.

Let us take a moment to inquire into this distinction. We realize, of course, that all wisdom must be knowledge, and also that the proposition is not a convertible one. For knowledge ranges all the way from the baldly empirical statement of isolated facts to such generalizations as those that have made immortal the names of Newton and Darwin. With every step taken in the direction of rationalization, knowledge approaches wisdom more closely, and to that extent begins to partake of its character and share its dignity. Yet the attainment of a certain degree of intellectual abstraction is not in itself enough to admit mere knowledge to the jealously-guarded courts of wisdom; we have an instinctive feeling that other credentials are demanded, and an inquiry into their nature inevitably leads us to the realization that they should also be affected by a human interest. The profoundest and most completely-classified knowledge, as of the mathematician or the naturalist, may make a man learned, but need not make him wise; it is the former term, rather than the latter, that is the more fitting for the Newtons and the Darwins, but we need have no hesitation in attributing wisdom, using the word with the nicest sense of its value, to an Aristotle, or a Bacon, or a Goethe.

We attribute wisdom to such men as these because, in the possession of highly specialized stores of knowledge, they have not been content with it for its own sake, but have been insistent in bringing it to bear upon the conduct of life. Their aphoristic utterances form a sort of fractional distillate of the rarer elements of their thought, and, whether expressed in prose or verse, impress us with the sense of their finality. Here, of course, the poets have a little the best of it, for they know how to add to a wise saying just that touch of beauty that is needed to make it forever memorable. Never was a criticism more just than was addressed by Jowett to Tennyson, saying: "Your poetry has an element of philosophy more to be considered than any

regular philosophy in England." And never was a definition more profound than Wordsworth's of poetry as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science."

Much of the world's inheritance of wisdom is impersonal in its nature, not traceable to a definite source, being the expression of racial rather than of individual consciousness. It flashes upon us from apologue and parable and proverb, which have no assignable origin save dim tradition, but are treasured from age to age for the universality of the thought they embody, making them no less applicable to our own lives than to those remote conditions which gave them birth. Every people has its store of such wisdom as this, ranging from the dignity and authority of whatever scriptures it holds sacred to the homeliness of those practical maxims that oral transmission rather than the printed page serves to keep alive. This is the wisdom which, albeit with a certain admixture of superstition, is brought to bear upon us from the nursery upwards, and whispers its monitions in our ear at all seasons and upon all occasions. It is perhaps the deepest of all wisdom, by virtue of the very fact that it has thus triumphantly borne the test of time, and approved itself to human intelligence under circumstances so numerous and so diverse.

Those of us who have succumbed to civilization, however, enduring its inherent evils for the sake of the benefits which so manifestly outweigh them, have also at our command the world of books, which means the recorded wisdom of past generations and of our own which is even now passing. It is a bewildering maze, filled with the sound of many voices, their counsels sharply at variance, and their conflicting claims irreconcilable in any synthesis now apparent to the understanding. Yet something forbids us to exclaim, in Milton's phrase,

"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy,"

which is the refuge of indifferentism; something urgent within us impels to the quest of truth, no matter how laborious may be the tracking thereof. Nor, again quoting Milton, may we be content with the proposition which he thus words:

"To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

Or if this be "the prime wisdom" in a narrowly practical sense, it cannot suffice for the spiritual needs of beings of our "large discourse, looking before and after." We cannot stifle the im-

perious cry of our nature for that deeper wisdom which subsumes our temporal existence under the species of eternity.

Not to despair of truth, but to learn to know wisdom from its counterfeit, is the obligation laid upon every serious soul. There is in circulation much spurious coin of thought, and careless observation permits it a wide currency. In some cases the imitation is too obvious to deceive any who are not willing to be deceived; in others the expert requires all his skill to distinguish between the false and the true. How well we know the musty phrases to which sophistry invariably has recourse when some wrong is to be defended or some lie varnished with the semblance of verity! Let one of these phrases make its cunning appeal to some prepossession of ours, and the wrong is supported, the lie countenanced. Eternal vigilance is the price, not of liberty alone, but of intellectual and moral integrity.

There is a type of mind for which the wisest precepts grow stale by repetition, and are eventually spurned in favor of more piquant rivals. For the mind of this type the phrase-mongers ever lie in wait, their epigrams pointed by wit and baited with paradox. They acquire vogue by sheer audacity of utterance, and no truth is sacred enough to shame them from its denial. We need not specify, for modern instances will occur to every reader. But the mischief done by these smart philosophasters is considerable. They sap the ethical foundations of society, and sell their birthright for the pottage of a little applause. "As the cracking of thorns under a pot"—so were their antics described of old by one who was wise indeed.

Wisdom receives its highest warrant from age and experience. Despite the scriptural testimony that it may come from the mouths of babes and sucklings, we are justified in viewing with suspicion any coinage of thought, however sharp its mintage, that cannot claim a responsible origin. Young's verse,

"The man of wisdom is the man of years,"

is the statement of a truism, generally speaking, for no form of words may as such so bear the impress of authority as to dispense with the support of a weighty personality. Many a saying that is in itself without force or distinction acquires both from the character of which it is the deliverance, and is given a higher power of energetic impact by the very name of its author. The man who has seen life from many angles and has upheld the standard of truth in many conflicts, the man who has been tested by

adversity and whose thought is the product of ripe reflection, is the man who may fitly claim our respect and confidence.

But each new generation, as the scroll of time is unrolled for it, must work out its own salvation. The accumulated wisdom of the past is offered for our guidance, but something more than passive acceptance is required of us. Our spiritual no less than our material inheritance must be earned anew if we would make it in very truth our own possession. New occasions bring new duties, and bring also new problems of conduct that for their solution tax our utmost powers. And specious counsels are ever whispered in the ears of youth, making the worse appear the better reason, and seeking to turn its gaze away from the old ethical landmarks. *Si jeunesse savait!* But youth does not know, and from its very nature cannot know, many things of the highest import that are clear to the eyes of experience. So it pursues the old round of folly and disillusionment, of sin and expiation, slowly shaping itself in character and purpose. Wisdom is vindicated in the end, but the waste of the process seems pitiful. Yet this, too, is wisdom — to discern the educative value of the very faults that come near to making shipwreck of life, and to realize that something more than counsels of perfection are required for the up-building of the poised and full-statured soul.

COMMUNICATION.

POETRY AND TREES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have just read with sympathetic pleasure the article on "Poetry and Arboriculture," in your issue of July 1. Worthy to stand with anything that the poets have written about the trees, is Spenser's simple enumeration in the first book of the first canto of "The Faerie Queene":

"Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propt Elme; the Popplar never dry;
The buidler Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine, good for staves; the Cypress funerall;
The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerors
And poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the bender's will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe, sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive, and the Pistane round;
The corner Holme; the Maple seldom inward sound."

A little instruction in some of the fundamental principles of Forestry, with a wider acquaintance with what the great poets have said about the trees, would produce more practical results, and would open the way to a great deal more of pleasure and profit, than many of the subjects that now absorb much of the time in our public schools.

GEORGE S. WILLS.

Greensboro, N. C., July 3, 1906.

The New Books.

LIFE OF "THE ARABIAN KNIGHT."*

Good wine needs no bush. A good book needs no laudatory preface. The confident, almost exulting, tone of Mr. Thomas Wright's introduction to his "Life of Sir Richard Burton" tends to prejudice the reader against what is to follow. "My revelations," declares the self-complacent author, "which form an astonishing story, will no doubt come as a complete surprise to almost everybody. I can imagine them, indeed, dropping like a bomb-shell into some circles." Bombastic prediction! In the same strain is to be noted the following:

"The amount of absolutely new information in this work is very large. Thus, we are telling for the first time the history of Burton's friendships with Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, Mr. John Payne, and others; and we are giving for the first time, too, a complete and accurate history of the translation of *The Arabian Nights*, *The Scented Garden*, and other works. Hundreds of new facts are recorded respecting these and other absorbing topics, while the citations from the unpublished letters of Burton and Lady Burton will, we are sure, receive a welcome. We are able to give about fifty entirely new anecdotes — many of them extremely piquant and amusing. We also tell the touching story of Burton's brother Edward [who was dumb for the last forty years of his life]. In our account of Burton's travels will be found a number of interesting facts and some anecdotes not given in Burton's works."

And yet, self-confidence and self-praise notwithstanding, the author has turned out a creditable piece of book-making. The story is not offered as the glowing tribute of an intimate and admiring friend, — in fact, there is no indication that the narrator ever even saw the subject of his narrative; but the whole book bears such evidence of painstaking research, draws from so many sources hitherto neglected or unavailable, presents so many new facts and throws so much new light on the old ones, that it cannot be dismissed as merely a pretentious piece of hack-work. Read the preface as an appendix, — and a preface, though first in the order of position, is always last in the order of creation, — and there is less fault to find with it. Its assertions are not outrageously extravagant, however unfortunate their tone. Neither Mr. Hitchman in his detailed account of Burton the traveller and explorer, nor Lady Burton in her portly volumes of verbiage and slang and rhodomontade and indiscriminate panegyric, nor Miss Stisted in her shorter eulogistic sketch of her uncle's life, nor any other writer known to us, has so care-

*THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON. By Thomas Wright. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

fully weighed the claims of this man of varied talents and striking personality to be accounted also a great translator and man of letters. As it is in the treatment of Burton as a scholar and writer, rather than as a daring and resourceful explorer, a speaker of many tongues, and an ardent anthropologist, that Mr. Wright's book offers something new to the general reader, it will here be fitting to confine our attention to these interesting "revelations," merely adding by the way that the story of his restless wanderings, gathered chiefly from his own too-voluminous writings, is so well told as to make it difficult to point to a single dull page in the narrative. Sir Richard's fifty or more published volumes, prolix and ill-proportioned, have been squeezed and made to yield their juice for us in Mr. Wright's more scholarly pages.

After giving a long list of his authorities for information never before divulged, the biographer tells of his success (the reward of persistent effort) in winning Mr. John Payne's consent to the publication of the true story concerning his own and Burton's "Arabian Nights." Some of these facts are already known to Arabic scholars who have critically examined the two versions. Intimate friends and zealous co-workers though these two men were, Burton seems to have been most strangely willing to take credit that was the other's due. He acknowledges indebtedness to Mr. Payne, but not in terms equal to the extent of his obligation. In the mere drudgery of translation, Mr. Wright makes it clear, by "deadly parallels," that his hero was not above "cribbing." Two of the shorter tales are printed in the two versions side by side, and they show a transference of whole clauses from the earlier to the later publication. The biographer, "yielding to nobody in admiration of Sir Richard Burton," yet finds himself obliged to make the following admissions:

"When I compared the two translations, page by page, I could scarcely believe my own eyes; and only one conclusion was possible. Burton, indeed, has taken from Payne at least three-quarters of the entire work. He has transferred many hundreds of sentences and clauses bodily. Sometimes we come upon a whole page with only a word or two altered. In short, amazing to say, the public have given Burton credit for a gift which he did not possess—that of being a great translator. . . . I must mention that Mr. Payne gave me an absolutely free hand—nay, more than that, having placed all the documents before me, he said—and this he repeated again and again—'Wherever there is any doubt, give Burton the benefit of it,' and I have done so."

"Amazing as the statement may seem, we feel ourselves compelled to say at once, though regretfully, that Burton's own account of the history of the transla-

tion, given in his Translator's Foreword to *The Arabian Nights*, and Lady Burton's account, given in her life of her husband, do not tally with the facts as revealed in his letters. In matters relating to his own history, Burton often spoke with amazing recklessness, and perhaps he considered he was justified in stating that his translation of *The Arabian Nights* was well advanced by November 1881, seeing that it had for thirty years intermittently occupied his thoughts. As regards Lady Burton, no doubt, of some of the facts presently to be given, she was unaware. But she was one who easily deceived herself. Whatever she wished, she was apt to believe. The actual facts compiled from existing documentary evidence—including Burton's own letters—will now be revealed for the first time; and it will be found, as is generally the case, that the unembroidered truth is more interesting than the romance."

An instructive chapter deals with "The Fate of 'The Scented Garden.'" The biographer holds that the loss was chiefly a pecuniary one, to Lady Burton herself, who burned the manuscript, and that its publication would not have added to the translator's fame. An earlier version of all but the rare twenty-first chapter, from Burton's pen, had been published by the Kama Shashtra Society, and apparently the missing chapter had not been supplied in the later translation; and such notes as Burton may have added are probably better lost. His fondness for the pornographic, and his firm conviction that researches in all the nameless forms of oriental vice make for the advancement of anthropological science and of human welfare, can never cease to astound and even to dismay his admirers. Truly his was a nature woven of mingled yarn. In unsparing reprehension, his biographer writes:

"Henceforth every translation was to be annotated from a certain point of view [as indicated in Burton's preface to his *Catullus*]. One can but regret this perversity, for the old Roman and other authors have unpleasantnesses enough without accentuating them. . . . Unfortunately, Sir Richard now made this kind of work his speciality, and it would be idle—or rather it would be untrue—to deny that he now chose certain books for translation, not on account of their beautiful poetry and noble thoughts, but because they lent themselves to pungent annotation. Indeed, his passion for this sort of literature had become a monomania. He insisted, however, and he certainly believed, that he was advancing the interests of science. We wish we could say that it was chiefly for their beauties that he now set himself to translate Catullus, Ausonius, and Apuleius. . . . For the translating of so delicate, so musical and so gracious a poet as Catullus he was absolutely and entirely unqualified."

Of Burton's rendering of Camoëns, we read the following:

"Regarded as a faithful rendering, the book was a success, for Burton had drunk *The Lusads* till he was super-saturated with it. Alone among the translators, he had visited every spot alluded to in the poem, and

his geographical and other studies had enabled him to elucidate many passages that had baffled his predecessors. Then, too, he had the assistance of Aubertin, Da Cunha, and other able Portuguese scholars and Camoëns enthusiasts. Regarded, however, as poetry, the book was a failure; and for the simple reason that Burton was not a poet. . . . On every page we are reminded of the translator's defective ear, annoyed by the unnecessary use of obsolete words, and disappointed by his lack of what Poe called 'ethericity.'

What is told of Lady Burton's reckless burning of her husband's papers after his death must fill the reader with regret — not for the loss of "The Scented Garden," but for the destruction of diaries, letters, and other autobiographic material that would have made good reading if carefully winnowed and edited, and would have contributed to the better understanding of a puzzling but ever fascinating personality.

The otherwise excellent appearance of Mr. Wright's volumes is marred by perhaps more than the pardonable number of misprints. Or shall we call some of them slips of the pen? "Arundell," elsewhere thus spelled, appears in the genealogical table with one *l*. Wortley Montagu twice takes unto himself a final *e*. *Sine* does duty for *sive* in a Latin phrase. "Dervise" and "dervish" strive for preference. "Ober Ammergau" looks very un-German in its divided and bicapitalized form. Last, but not least, the author shares with Mr. Borthrop Trumbull of "Middlemarch" renown, with Anthony Trollope, John Stuart Mill, and many other excellent Englishmen, an unaccountable partiality for *commencing* rather than *beginning* his various undertakings. Only one instance of the latter verb has caught this reviewer's eye in Mr. Wright's pages. And yet we Americans have been accused of a reprehensible and peculiarly national proneness always to *commence*, never to *begin*.

In the matter of pictorial embellishment, we have it on Mr. Wright's authority that "the illustrations in this book are of exceptional interest." They include the Burton family portraits, which, owing to certain family quarrels, Lady Burton was unable to use in her own work. They are now reproduced for the first time. A series of photographs taken at Trieste, where Burton succeeded Charles Lever as British Consul, deserves mention; and numerous pictures of friends of Burton also adorn the work. Eleven appendices, including excellent bibliographies of Burton, Arbuthnot, Dr. Steingass, and Mr. Payne, are added. The index, though somewhat scanty, is helpful.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.*

For many years the late Lord Acton of Cambridge is said to have cherished the plan of writing a History of Liberty, which, considering his vast erudition, would probably have been a masterpiece of historical writing. Professor Mackinnon, of St. Andrews University, has given us the first two volumes of a work planned on somewhat the same lines, except that he purposes to restrict himself to a narrower field, — namely, the history of liberty during modern times. This self-imposed limitation has not, however, been strictly observed by the author, for his initial volume is devoted entirely to the pre-modern period, with a view to tracing the mediæval origins of modern liberty which were slowly evolved from the chaos and confusion of the Roman Empire in the West. The second volume covers the period of the Reformation, the major part being devoted to a study of the struggle for liberty in England and Scotland; for here it was, says the author, that "the great battle of constitutional liberty was fought out, and that the struggles of the Reformation Age in those countries formed the preliminary of that great constitutional drama." Succeeding volumes, we are told, will be devoted mainly to tracing the impulse which the theories and conflicts of the sixteenth century gave to liberty, which came to full maturity in the French Revolution, and were displayed in the constitutional struggle in England and Scotland in the seventeenth century, the American and the French Revolutions in the eighteenth, and in those movements in the nineteenth century resulting in the establishment of full intellectual, religious, political, and social liberty.

An examination of the two volumes at hand warrants the conclusion that a useful and valuable contribution to historical literature will be made if the work is ever completed on the scale its author planned. It should be observed, however, that the work is designed to be what its name indicates — a *history* of liberty, not a philosophical treatise. In vain does one search for a discussion of the nature and limitations of liberty, with the exception of a few brief observations in the preface; or of the theories that have obtained in different ages and by different schools concerning the idea and scope of liberty. To some, this will appear to be a serious defect; but in view of the author's explicit disclaimer of an intention to treat his subject philosophi-

* A HISTORY OF MODERN LIBERTY. By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

cally, criticism on this score is hardly just. Nevertheless, we are justified in feeling a sense of regret that a work on so important a subject should be restricted entirely to its historical aspect.

It may be seriously questioned whether the usefulness of the work would not have been increased by the topical method of treatment rather than the chronological. Thus, there is no place to which one can turn for an account of the rise of religious liberty, or the freedom of the press, or the other forms of intellectual emancipation. To gain specific information concerning the development of liberty under any one of these heads would require a reading of the entire work. Another possible ground of criticism is the inclusion in the history of much that has little or no bearing on the subject of liberty, as the term is ordinarily understood. Thus, there is a long account of the Reformation, that has little to do with liberty except as regards the emancipation of the Church from Rome. The work is encumbered with a detailed history of the religious wars, and a discussion of the lives and doctrines of Luther, Von Hutten, Calvin, Zwingli, and other reformers, containing a large amount of historical detail mainly foreign to the subject of liberty. The same is to a less extent true of the detailed discussion of the political theories of Machiavelli, Hotman, Languet, L'Hopital, Bodin, and other political philosophers, — theories interesting in themselves, but belonging rather to a history of political philosophy than to a history of liberty.

Professor Mackinnon's style in places is characterized by lucidity of statement, forcefulness of expression, and even by brilliancy; but too often the detail which mars his discussions is dry and prolix. Unfortunately for the serious student, he does not indulge in what he calls the luxury of footnotes, or in citations of authorities. Often one wishes to know the source of information for particular statements; but this is not given. At the end of each chapter, however, is appended a list of the authorities consulted, an examination of which affords evidence that the author possesses a wide familiarity with the literature of his subject.

Starting out with a definition of liberty as the free development of man, Professor Mackinnon reviews the history of the Middle Ages in a vain search for some evidence of that larger conception which the word possesses to-day. He points out that the terms "rights," "liberties," and "privileges" are frequently met with in the chronicles and state papers of the Middle Ages, but that

they seldom had reference to the masses. "Liberty of the subject," he says, applied to the privileged few, not to the servile class. Popular liberty as we understand it was wholly non-existent. Occasionally a bold champion of freedom of thought and conscience appeared to challenge traditional authority, but he was usually suppressed by the sword or fagot. The revival of commerce and the growth of towns, following the crusades, gave an impulse to the movement for emancipation from feudal subjection. Then came a recognition of the rights of the craft-guilds, or artisans, and the gradual elevation of the peasantry in the social scale, to be followed in time by the admission of the Third Estate to the Parliaments. During the feudal *régime*, the individual overshadowed the State, just as during the period of the Roman Empire the State regulated and controlled almost every activity of the individual. The sovereignty of the individual under feudalism was no more conducive to the development of real liberty than was the despotism of Rome, for the former *régime* meant disintegration of the State, with its resulting anarchy and oppression of the masses, just as the latter meant the crushing out of the individuality of the citizen. Everywhere the despotism of caste tended to compress within narrow limits the liberty of action of the individual, and to destroy his sense of initiative and energy. The sum total of the struggles during the Middle Ages was the elevation of the serf to a condition of partial freedom, the endowment of the merchant and artisan with political and civil rights, the attainment of municipal freedom, and the inauguration of the movement for intellectual and religious liberty.

The Renaissance and the Reformation constitute an important stage in the evolution of modern liberty. The former was characterized by an emancipation of the intellect from the thralls of tradition and the bonds of the feudal age, the latter by an emancipation of the conscience in spiritual matters. More particularly it liberated the soul from the authority of Rome and brought it into immediate relation with God. The modern spirit of liberty of thought and of worship breathed freer, and gradually awoke from the nightmare of authority. The Reformation, the author says, was a crusade in favor of liberty as the age understood liberty; but, mighty as the movement was, it constituted little more than the mere background of that larger movement which did not finally take shape until the nineteenth century.

JAMES WILFORD GARNER.

A SCHOLAR'S MIND.*

"I have loved books and music, and, above all, the earth and the things of the earth. To the wholesome, normal man, these things are but an agreeable background, and the real business of life lies with wife and child and work. But to me the real things have been the beautiful things—sunrise and sunset, streams and woods, old houses, talk, poetry, pictures, ideas. And I always liked my work, too." So writes the author of "The Thread of Gold," not, indeed, of himself, but of one of the interesting and quiet types of character that he describes with so much skill. Yet the words, with but little modification, are applicable to him, as also to the author or authors of the two volumes that we have grouped with his. It is no doubt an intrusion on Mr. Benson's anonymity to attribute to him these two delightful unsigned books. One sees clearly enough why they are unsigned. Such intimate avowals as these are made with more freedom from behind even a transparent mask. The greater spontaneity and charm of the anonymous volumes, as compared with "From a College Window," are evidence of this. Certainly, however discreet one may incline to be, he cannot resist the conviction that the three books are the work of one hand. The subjects considered, the opinions expressed, the allusions and illustrations employed, the personal stamp of the style, are as convincing as such things can well be. It would be stupid, however, to infer that the two unacknowledged volumes are in any way autobiographical. They merely express, from behind a thin veil of fictitious characters and situations, the author's inmost mind.

These are not clever books, as current taste estimates cleverness. They contain no paradox, no epigram, no scintillation. Still less are they literary books. The writer of them knows his poets, but for the most part he carefully ignores occasions to quote from them. Indeed, at times he seems rather to do violence to himself in his effort to avoid an allusion. One need not admire the reminiscent habits of Hazlitt and Lowell, to regret that in such books and by such a man an apt quotation should be so patently scouted. For example, it is hard to believe that he wrote the following passage in "The House of Quiet" without a thought of Browning: "A thrush sang with incredible

clearness, repeating a luscious phrase often enough to establish its precision of form, and yet not often enough to satiate—a triumph of instinctive art"; nor this, in "The Thread of Gold," without a thought of Arnold: "Beyond all this lies that wellspring of inner joy which seems to be withheld from so many of us. Is it indeed withheld? Can we not by quiet passivity, rather than by resolute effort, learn the secret of it? I believe myself that the source is there in many hearts, but that we visit it too rarely, and forget it in the multitude of little cares and businesses, which seem so important, so absorbing."

Nor are these books, although they deal much with out-of-door delights, the beauty and significance of natural objects, the quaint and interesting ways of animals, in any sense "nature-books." They deal, to use a phrase that occurs in "From a College Window," not with "the pursuit of natural history, but the pursuit of natural emotion." The latter pursuit is one that most so-called "nature-books" pointedly avoid. Most of all, they are not hollow with the great emptiness of the current literature of "the simple life." Concerning this, Mr. Benson, in "From a College Window," sufficiently says: "The moment that a man is conscious that he is simple and humble, he is simple and humble no longer." Yet the genuinely simple life is the very theme of which they treat. "To be natural, to find our true life, to be independent of luxuries, not to be at the mercy of prejudices and false ideals—that is the secret of life," says "The House of Quiet."

These books appeal, then, to no special class, but, as Wordsworth said of poetry, to man as man. They are full of a broad and winning humanity. Human associations give them their charm, and a full human pulse beats in every sentence. To be sure, they are hardly universal in their appeal. They are too subtle, too tender, too thoughtful for that. But they deal, after all, with the elements of "mere living," which is not the less elemental because it is fine and cultivated. Indeed, their chief charm consists in their portrayal of a certain type of mind, and they will have an interest for those only who can in any degree sympathize with that type. This type is perhaps sufficiently described in the passage quoted at the beginning of this article. It is a mind to which the earth and the things of the earth are endlessly interesting and delightful, which is "awake and aware" before the beauty of the world, which watches for its brief epiphanies, which loses no finest touch of

*THE HOUSE OF QUIET. Edited by J. T. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE THREAD OF GOLD. By the author of "The House of Quiet." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

it, which lives in the memory of it. It is alive, also, to the beauties of art, though toward these it maintains a somewhat reluctant attitude. The artist is, by definition, too hard and self-centred to satisfy so humane and benign a spirit. The cuckoo's "heartless customs" are to him suggestive of the ways of the poet. "Those that sing so delicately," says "The Thread of Gold," "would not have leisure and courage to make their music so soft and sweet if they had not a hard heart to turn to the sorrows of the world"; and "The House of Quiet" affirms, even more distinctly, "that literature and art play a very small part in the lives of the majority of people; that most men have no sort of an idea that they are serious matters, but look upon them as more or less graceful amusements; that in such regions they have no power of criticism and no judgment; but that these are not nearly such serious defects as the defect of vision which the artist and the man of letters suffer from and encourage — the defect, I mean, of treating artistic ideals as matters of preëminent national, even of moral, importance."

We could wish, perhaps, that this fine spirit received with less grudging thanks the gifts provided by the gods of art. He is in danger of giving aid and comfort to persons with whom, we are persuaded, he would be even less in sympathy. Yet we must take him as we find him. Perhaps this gentle heresy adds an original and piquant touch to a character of such a type. For he belongs naturally to a class to whom artistic ideals are matters of preëminent importance. He is a scholar, in the humane, not the scientific, sense of the term, living a quiet life of thought and imagination; though secluded from the business of the world, delighting in human association of every sort, and feeling to the full the charm, almost a pathetic charm at times, of the gay young life about him. In "The Thread of Gold" he writes:

"And then, too, there is the tide of youthful life that floods every corner of the place. It is an endless pleasure to see the troops of slim and alert young figures, full of enjoyment and life, with all the best gifts of life, health, work, amusement, society, friendship, lying ready to their hand. The sense of this beating and thrilling pulse of life circulating through these sombre and splendid buildings is what gives the place its inner glow; this life full of hope, of sensation, of emotion, not yet shadowed or disillusioned or weary, seems to be as the fire on the altar, throwing up its sharp, darting tongues of flame, its clouds of fragrant smoke, giving warmth and significance and a fiery heart to a sombre shrine."

To say that the author is a scholar implies, of course, that he has the limitations of his class,

limitations so much greater and more narrowing, we are assured nowadays, than the limitations, say, of business or professional life. Well, here at any rate is one man who accepts them without protest or apology. And to many, do doubt, it will be a genuine satisfaction, amid the prevalent talk of making oneself better, or at least different, to find this quiet acceptance of the limitations of temperament and situation. To have the courage of one's limitations — not many of us are as bold as that! He has also the scholar's and the poet's persistent sense of the past, of "the incommunicable touch of time." He dwells upon the life that has throbbed and grown quiet, worked and loved, enjoyed and suffered within the walls of the old picturesque English houses that he loves so well. Of one of them he writes in "The Thread of Gold":

"I hardly know what it was that it spoke of; but I felt the care and love that had gone to the making of it, and the dignity that it had won from rain and sun and the kindly hand of nature; it spoke of hope and brightness, of youth and joy; and told me, too, that all things were passing away, that even the house itself, though it could outlive a few restless generations, was indeed *debita morti*, and bowed itself to its fall."

He has the scholar's sense of "the greatness and littleness of human life," its relative littleness, its absolute greatness. He has the scholar's perspective, which forbids him to approve what he calls "the vicious circle" of conventional duties and amusements, the scholar's estimate of values, that teaches him the futility of ambition and influence. "I think that God puts us into the world to live," says one of the characters that he analyzes, "not necessarily to get influence over other people. If a man is worth anything, the influence comes; and I don't call it living, to attend public luncheons and to write unnecessary letters, because public luncheons are things which need not exist and are only amusements invented by fussy and idle people"; and again: "One has no longer any anxious sense of duty; one desires no longer either to impress or influence; one aims only at guarding the quality of all one does or says." Over and over again this note of an ennobled Cyrenaicism recurs: "To seize the moment, with all its conditions, to press the quality out of it, that is the best victory." Pater himself is hardly more uncompromising, though this is not the Cyrenaicism of Pater. He has, finally, the scholar's type of religion. "Ought we not," he asks, "to try to make our religion a much wider, quieter thing?" Before the immense mysteries of nature and of suffering, his attitude is that

of a perpetual question followed by a perpetual acquiescence. He has an abiding sense of the fatality of things, like that of Edward Fitzgerald when he chose for his epitaph the words, "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." But beneath this, and coloring all his outlook upon history, nature, human life, the sufferings of dumb creatures, the limitations and sorrows of his own career, there is a serene faith in a possible explanation, in what he calls "a tender secret."

As to the manner in which all this is expressed, the passages quoted are the best witness. These pages are written *con amore*, with an indescribable effect of sincerity and meditative beauty. Their style is delicately, subtly, unobtrusively figurative. It varies, of course, in quality; and while it is never imitative, it follows so closely the feeling of the subject that it now and again reminds us of other men's treatment of similar themes. The picnic of the pauper lunatics, in "The Thread of Gold," has a little of the quaint and unusual charm, just missing the grotesque, of some of Hawthorne's tales. Whenever he dwells upon the human associations of landscape and buildings, the pathetic evanescence of human things, the way in which even brick and stone, rocks and trees, may become saturated with human joy and sorrow, upon his pages lies the serene mellow afternoon light that rests upon the pages of Irving. In a passage like the following, one is reminded inevitably of a landscape by Böcklin:

"A stone's throw away lay a large square moat, full of water, all fringed with ancient gnarled trees; the island which it enclosed was overgrown with tiny thickets of dishevelled box-trees, and huge sprawling laurels; we walked softly round it, and there was our goal: a small church of a whitish stone, in the middle of a little close of old sycamores in stiff summer leaf."

Such comparisons may easily do these volumes injustice. Their manner is original, spontaneous, unstudied, but at the same time it is the fruit of prolonged and delicate cultivation. They endure perfectly the test of being read out-of-doors, for they are as little out of harmony with the wide serenities of sea and wood and sky and field as the poetry of Walt Whitman. One could hardly say more. Yet there is one great name, or, rather, one great manner, of which the reader of these pages constantly thinks, — the name and manner of Virgil. For indeed these little idyllic eclogues are like Virgil's, full of simple and serene landscape beauty and a spirit of quiet retrospection, ending often, like his, in the glow of sunset and the peace of nightfall.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

THE HEART OF THE RAILWAY PROBLEM.*

Mr. Parsons's book on "The Heart of the Railroad Problem" comes at a fortunate time for its popularity; and it is well worth the reading. The keynote may be taken from the preface.

"A plan was adopted for a book, to be called 'The Railways, the Trusts, and the People,' which is now in the press. . . . For the preparation of this work the writer traveled through nine countries of Europe, and over three-fourths of the United States, studying railways, meeting railroad presidents and managers, ministers of railways, members of railway commissions, governors, senators, and leading men of every class, in the effort to get a thorough understanding of the railway situation. He also made an extensive study of the railroad literature of leading countries, and examined thoroughly the reports and decisions of commissions and courts in railroad cases in the United States. As these studies progressed, the writer became more and more convinced that the heart of the railroad problem lies in the question of impartial treatment of shippers. The chief complaint against our railroads is not that the rates as a whole are unreasonable, but that favoritism is shown for large shippers or special interests having control of railways or a special pull with the management. This book consists, in the main, of the broad study of railway favoritism, which was made as a basis for the generalizations outlined in the brief chapter on that subject in 'The Railways, the Trusts, and the People.'"

Whatever opinion of the railways a reader of this book may carry away as he closes it, he will have to say that the multitudinous forms of discrimination have been laid open to the light of day. As many chapters discuss as many forms as passenger rebates, direct freight rebates, denial of fair facilities, classification and commodity rates, oil and beef, imports and exports, locality discriminations, long-haul decisions, Colorado fuel rebates, midnight tariffs, terminal railroads, private cars, while one fruitful chapter is devoted to free cartage, demurrage, the expense bill system, goods not billed, and milling in transit. The history of remedial attempts runs along through the Granger Laws, the Hepburn Report, the Interstate Commerce Act, Supreme Court decisions, ten years of Federal regulation, the Elkins Act, the Wisconsin revelations. The closing chapters are concerned with the possibility of regulation of rate-making, and methods for accomplishing that end. As the book went to press in March, 1906, the discussion of recent measures ends with the presentation to Congress of the Esch-Townsend, Interstate Commission, and Hepburn bills. Of the more recent occurrences which

*THE HEART OF THE RAILROAD PROBLEM. The History of Railway Discrimination in the United States, the Chief Efforts at Control, and the Remedies Proposed, with Hints from Other Countries. By Frank Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

have shaped the last-mentioned bill into the Conference Bill of the two houses of Congress, and the Act of June 30, 1906, an admirable *résumé* may be found in the weekly columns of that excellent journal, "The Railway Age."

The merits of Mr. Parsons's book are in its thorough and compendious presentation of the various evils that have come to pass in the making of railway rates. If the treatment is open to criticism, it is along the line of the genesis of these conditions. In a country that is a continent, and that has grown in less than a hundred years from a wilderness to an empire, the mere physical conditions — in both time and space — have inevitably generated the industrial conditions that we find oppressive to-day, although they have grown logically out of earlier ones that were the fostering cradle of our national greatness. It is to the credit of writers like Johnson, Pratt, and Stickney, that they see this; it is likewise apparent that in their eagerness to reform abuses Mr. Hudson and Mr. Baker have ignored it. Yet any legislation that is to accomplish permanent good must avoid the single vision of the latter, as truly as that of the enthusiastic hero-worshipper of the railroads, Mr. Spearman. The railroad men are, it is true, the makers of rebates and all other discriminations; but they are in a degree victims of growing and enlarging conditions, not only in their physical and economic, but even in their moral environment, which have helped to make them what they are. The words "guilty" and "criminal" must not be used too strenuously with reference to statutory guilt and crime by a public tarred with the same brush. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to see how completely the array of facts in Mr. Parsons's catalogue of discrimination, as practised even to the present year, is enforced by the testimony that has been presented in the courts since this book went to press, and how both demolish the absurd statement made in Mr. Spearman's popular book, "The Strategy of Great Railroads," that "Alexander J. Cassatt has made unjust discrimination in railroad traffic a thing of the past."

It is easy to see the evils; it is more difficult to point out the remedy. Mr. Parsons's chapter on "fixing rates by public authority" is very valuable. One by one he goes over the objections to a general rate-making by some central authority, and meets them most lucidly. If the amendments to the Hepburn bill added by the Senate can be enlarged to include private cars, Pullmans, pipe-lines, express companies, water carriers, and terminals, under the restrictions

of common carriers, and the abatement of the pass evil can be reinforced by a commission with peremptory rate-making powers, Mr. Parsons is of the opinion that the public would be benefitted, and no vested interest would suffer injury. Events—and public opinion too—have marched fast in the field of this railway question in the last few months; and it does appear to a looker-on in Vienna that we are in a fair way to try the experiment. There can be little doubt that under the new law, which embodies Mr. Parsons's suggestions, the best class of railway men — the Hills, Hughitts, Fishes, Mellens — will fall into line and cheerfully seek to satisfy the American public. For it must ever be remembered that the mere presence of the power in the Commission to make a rate will act as it did between 1887 and 1897, when it was thought that the Commission had such power; the great bulk of the rates will still be made in the railroad offices by railroad experts, and the function of the Commission will be in a large degree preventive rather than revisory. JOHN J. HALSEY.

RECENT FICTION.*

Once more Mrs. Ward has based the fundamental situation of a novel upon a historical prototype. And this time, — "once for all," as she puts it, — she makes explicit admission of the practice, and justifies it in terms that should forever silence the ill-natured criticism that has assailed "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe." The artist, she insists, "may gather from any field, so long as he sacredly respects what other artists have already made their own by the transmuting processes of the mind. . . . To the teller of stories, all that is recorded of the real life of men, as well as all that his own eyes can see, is offered for the enrichment of his tale." In accordance with this principle, finding in the life of Romney a story of lasting human interest, Mrs. Ward has not hesitated to make use of it for the modern instance of "Fenwick's Career." Fenwick is a young artist, married

* *FENWICK'S CAREER.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

MY SWORD FOR LAFAYETTE. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN CURE OF HER SOUL. By Frederic Jessup Stimson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. By William Sage. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE WIRE-TAPPERS. By Arthur Stringer. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

BREAKERS AHEAD. By A. Maynard Barbout. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL. By Sarah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: A. C. McClure & Co.

THE COURT OF LOVE. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

to a simple country girl in Westmoreland. He finds it beyond his power to earn a decent living in his unappreciative provincial environment, and, conscious of his powers if only he may have the opportunity of displaying them, goes to London alone to fight for recognition and make a home for his wife and child. After a hard struggle, he wins his way, partly with the aid of a wealthy patron, and the sale of two pictures makes it possible to plan a reunion of his family. But in a moment of weakness he has made the fatal mistake of allowing his London friends to suppose him unmarried; and when this fact reaches his wife, as it does in a roundabout way, it makes her start for London at once. Reaching her husband's studio during his absence, she discovers evidence of what seems to her unfaithfulness; and, acting upon a jealous impulse, she writes him a note to say that she has left him forever. Then comes a lapse of twelve years; and when we resume the story, it is to find that Fenwick has become famous, but, unable to discover the whereabouts of his wife and child, has grown embittered and morose. Tactlessness and an uncompromising temper have lost him nearly all his friends, and put him at outs with the official representatives of art. The only real joy that all these years have brought him has been the friendship of Madame de Pastourelles, the daughter of his first patron; and to her he has never revealed the secret of his marriage. She is now set free by the death of a worthless husband, and is prepared to become something more than Fenwick's friend, when the secret gets out. This poignant situation is succeeded by renewed efforts to find the runaway wife and child, efforts which eventually prove successful, and lead to a reunion. The lives of both husband and wife have been broken beyond repair by the estrangement, and Mrs. Ward is too genuine an artist to gloss over, in the interests of a conventional sentimentality, the essential hopelessness of the situation. It is to the child alone — now grown to gracious maidenhood — that we must look for whatever gleam of light is cast upon the closing chapters of the novel. "Fenwick's Career" seems to us nearly if not quite the best of the author's novels. Fenwick himself is anything but an agreeable or sympathetic character, but he is a real individual and not an intellectual abstraction. This is Mrs. Ward's chief triumph in her present work. Madame de Pastourelles, although portrayed with the most refined and delicate art, is no more remarkable than several other women of the novelist's creation. Another positive merit of this novel is found in its comparative freedom from the prolixity that lies like a dead weight upon most of its predecessors. It is true that subjects are discussed — art subjects, in this case, with the usual critical jargon; but they are not discussed to death, and for this we may be truly thankful. For Mrs. Ward's chief defect hitherto has been her inability to control within reasonable bounds the reflective and philosophical tendencies which give so marked a character to her intellectual activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have side-tracked, as it were, the motor-car, for the purpose of writing their international comedy of manners entitled "Lady Betty across the Water." Lady Betty is a nice English girl, who is shipped to America by her designing mother, both to get her out of her less attractive sister's way, and to secure for her a rich American husband. She has a variety of interesting experiences, in New York, Newport, Chicago, and rural Ohio; and, as she tells of them in the first person, her comments upon American life are highly diverting. The following passage, which we find in the opening pages, is an example of the sort of thing that gives the book its undeniable charm.

"I am never taken into family conclaves, because I'm not out yet. I don't see what difference that makes, especially as I'm not to be allowed to come out until after Vic's married, because she was presented four years ago, and isn't even engaged yet; so, for all I can tell, I may have to stay in till I'm a hundred, or leak out slowly when nobody is noticing, as Vic says girls do in the middle classes."

Concerning Lady Betty's romance, we will not particularize. It begins on the steamer which takes her to America, upsets all the plans contrived for her, and culminates acceptably to most of the persons interested. A frothy sort of cleverness is the chief attribute of the story, but its thin vein of wit is exhausted long before the end is reached, and nothing more substantial is found to take its place.

We can say little in praise of "My Sword for Lafayette," by Mr. Max Pemberton. The author has a certain facility of invention, but his style is without flexibility, and his figures are rarely anything more than puppets. The present romance begins with the departure of Lafayette for the American colonies, and ends in the days of the French Revolution. The narrative is in the first person, related by an American friend of the distinguished Frenchman, and includes adventures in France, America, and England. The heroine dies upon the guillotine; but she is never realized for us with sufficient distinctness to make the reader greatly care what becomes of her.

Mr. F. J. Stimson has put a considerable list of books to his credit since his graduation from Harvard over a quarter of a century ago. His first venture — the amusing skit "Rollo at Cambridge" — is still remembered; and at least as much may be said for "Guerndale," his first serious novel. Taking the law for his vocation, he has ever since continued to cultivate fiction as his avocation; and his work has grown broader and stronger with the passing years. He has at last produced a novel, "In Cure of Her Soul," which is not only the finest thing he has ever done, but which is a really noteworthy addition to our literature. The very title of the book is indicative of its serious character. It is a study of contemporary American society, covering the period of the author's own maturity, and dealing with the life that he has known at first-hand — the social life of New York and Newport and the Berkshires, and the phases of business and politics which a lawyer comes to know most intimately in the

practice of his profession. The outline of the story is simple enough. It is the old story of a man and two women, of his impulsive marriage with the one and his subsequent discovery that he loves the other. But Mr. Stimson does not work out his plan upon the usual sentimental lines. He appears to be enough of the old-fashioned moralist to regard a marriage as something sacred, to hold that life has a higher purpose than the realization of eager desire, and to believe that men are bound to accept the consequences of their acts, even at the cost of much self-sacrifice and suffering. He has thus weighted the novel with meaning by framing it upon high ethical ideals and a fine spirituality. As a study of the appalling vacuity and corruption of the pleasure-seeking wealthy classes, it is quite as good as "The House of Mirth," and it offers us a much more truthful portrayal of contemporary society, because its outlook is broad enough to include types of clean living and earnest purpose as well as types of vulgar frivolity. The variety of its interests is, in fact, quite extraordinary; and however lightly a character or a situation or a social problem is touched upon, we feel the presence of a controlling principle of sanity in the treatment. The style, moreover, is flexible enough to fit the many moods and requirements of the narrative. It can be concise, vivid, and dramatic, if need be; or it can be gravely reflective on occasion, and touched with spiritual beauty. The frequent use, for emotional purposes, of suggestions from Dante and Wagner is most felicitous, and the fact that the author resorts to these two sources of inspiration is one of the clearest indications of the fineness of his temper. The book is not without its faults. Both Dante and Wagner are misquoted; the passages which relate to the manipulation of certain railroad properties are too complicated to be understood by lay readers; the construction of the novel as a whole is faulty, and the process by which the soul of the erring wife is cured is left largely to our imagination. In failing to work out this problem psychologically, the author has missed a great opportunity, and to a certain extent disappointed us in the expectations which might reasonably be based upon the title he has chosen for his work.

Novels which deal with the corruption of our political life are getting to be very common nowadays, which may be a cheering indication of an aroused moral sense in the community. At all events, such books are to be welcomed, for the evils upon which they are based are notorious, and to realize them in the public consciousness is to take an important step toward their remedy. An exceptionally straightforward and clean-cut book of this class is "The District Attorney," by Mr. William Sage. The hero is a young man just out of the law-school, the son of one of our "captains of industry" (how this title suggests to us the French analogue of *chevalier d'industrie*!) When he learns the nature of the methods by which his father has become wealthy, he refuses to profit by them, and turns to his profession for an independent career. Presently

he gets into politics, is nominated by the independents for the office of district attorney, and, after an exciting campaign, is elected. Then he proceeds to attack the franchise corruptionists, and in logical succession lands in the penitentiary first a group of aldermen, then the go-between, and finally, in the face of desperate resistance, the arch-criminal, a magnate who has just bought a seat to the Senate of the United States. The whole affair goes on with the beautiful precision of clockwork, — in which respect we fear that the story is sadly untrue to life. We are inclined to think, also, that the note of didacticism is at times a little too effusively sounded; but to the book as a whole sincere praise may be accorded. And special praise must be given to certain of its episodes — to the vaguely-localized chapter that takes us to the South American port where one of the rascals has hidden himself, and to the final scene in the jury-room where the fate of the disgraced senator is sealed. For the sake of the romantic conventions, a love-story is mingled with all this serious matter, but contributes only a slight element of the total interest.

Frank and Jim — otherwise Frances Candler and James Durkin — are two young persons who, finding the earning of an honest livelihood a very humdrum affair, are tempted to join the ranks of the predatory, and turn their wits to account in various questionable ways. Having once entered upon the criminal path, they find themselves urged to still further steps, and engage in an interesting series of burglaries, frauds, and confidence games. They conveniently attribute their misconduct to "force of circumstances," and are both loud and frequent in the protestation that to live honestly is what they chiefly yearn for. But the day of reform is to be postponed until they have made a "strike" of sufficient magnitude to secure them a comfortable existence. Then they will come out into the open, and life will be all idyllic. Although this story is about as immoral in its tendencies as any that we have ever read, the crimes which it deals with are so ingeniously contrived as to prove remarkably interesting. Both are experts in applied electricity, and the technical jargon of the profession is everywhere forced into the service of the narrative, and even into the characterizations. It is at least a novelty to read a book in which the heroine is described in such terms as the following:

"She was as fluctuant, she told herself, as the aluminum needle of a quadrant electrometer. No, she was more like the helpless little pith-ball of an electroscope, she mentally amended, ever dangling back and forth in a melancholy conflict of repulsion and attraction."

This is the modern scientific substitute for the old-fashioned supernatural machinery of good and bad angels, as used, for example, in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." The title of this novel is "The Wire-Tappers," and Mr. Arthur Stringer is its author.

The hero of "Breakers Ahead" is a young Englishman who quarrels with his father and comes to America in quest of a career. We learn this ele-

mentary fact of his nativity with some difficulty, for to describe a youth as "a prime favorite among his class-mates at college, the leading spirit of the fraternities, popular with soubrettes and chorus-girls," is certainly not to describe him as a student at one of the English universities. But when we have once "placed" him, the story of his fortunes presents no serious obstacles to our comprehension, although the plot has one very weak link, and although his second wife is not very consistently portrayed. The action of the novel turns upon the fact that he takes to himself this second wife, for his deserted first wife is still living, and the fact that he believes her to be dead upon the flimsiest of hearsay evidence is the weak link to which reference has already been made. Otherwise, the story is exceptionally well put together, and rises steadily toward a climax of interest that proves fairly enthralling. And hackneyed as the essential plot would seem to be from this bare outline, it has nevertheless features of marked originality, and gives us something more than the impression of re-reading a tale already many times told. The manner of its telling is matter-of-fact and effective. The author's name, A. Maynard Barbour, is, we understand, the name of a woman.

Mrs. Ryan's new novel has so confused a way of introducing its characters and setting forth their relationships that we are midway in the volume before we have fairly straightened them out. Aside from this defect of constructive technique, we may say that the work is one of vivid dramatic quality and appealing romantic charm. It is a romance of California in the early days of the *Gringo* invasion, and is entitled "For the Soul of Rafael." There are few subjects in American life that offer such effective material for romance as this, and few writers have been as successful in blending into a composite unity the three elements which it offers. There is, first, the element of ancient Aztec tradition; then there is the element of Spanish Catholicism superimposed upon that heathen foundation; and, finally, there is the element of Americanism, aggressive and irreverent, riding rough-shod over the sentiments and idealisms of the older civilization which it so rudely displaced. All three of these influences are given their full artistic value in Mrs. Ryan's romance, an accomplishment which means wide knowledge and deep sympathy on the author's part. The illustrations to the book are from photographs selected or posed for the purpose. Their natural and archeological features are interesting, but the human figures they introduce do not seem either to fit naturally into their surroundings or to confirm our preconceptions of the characters they represent.

"The Court of Love" is an extravaganza of the most fantastic description, and when we have read far enough to discover its character we rub our eyes and once more scan the title-page to make sure that it really is the work of Miss Alice Brown. But

suggestive as it is of another kind of "Alice" plunged into a new "Wonderland," we hurry breathlessly through its pages, and wish that there were more of them. Indeed, when its fast and furious close is reached, we are left harrassed by all sorts of cruel doubts concerning the knots that are not disentangled and the complications that are not cleared up. No outline of its plot—if there be such a thing about it—could convey the least sense of its bubbling humor and joyously riotous course.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*New aspects
of the same
old earth.*

Mr. W. S. Harwood's latest book, "The New Earth" (Macmillan), has to do chiefly with recent agricultural experiment and achievement in this country. The title would appear to be of no very conspicuous utility either to the reader or to the author. To the former it suggests but little of the volume's content or purpose; while the effort of Mr. Harwood to use his evidently pre-selected inscription, and to bring it now and then into somewhat friendly relations with the general text, moves the sympathy of the critic. We have the "Men of the New Earth," the "Influence of the New Earth," the "Soil of the New Earth," the "New Earth in America," the "Brain of the Earth" (whatever that means), etc. Recent agricultural science shows many results which are in themselves sufficiently attractive and interesting, and if the reader can ignore all the vociferous effort to drive him to appreciation and admiration, and will patiently consider the simple facts narrated, he may find in this book much to reward him for his trouble. He will get a new view, no doubt, of the work of the Agricultural Department at Washington, a new view of the purpose of our various Experiment Stations in the several States, and may perchance be impressed with the fact that agriculture is at last becoming a progressive science. Mr. Harwood's knowledge appears to be in general derived at second hand, and he consequently not infrequently falls into error. Men have not yet learned to "set aside the laws of Nature." Linnæus was not an active botanist in 1700, nor is protoplasm the "life principle" of anything. A squash may develop "roots several thousand feet in length," but it must be in some "new earth" unknown to geographer or astronomer. Even the "new earth man" may hardly persuade us that if the redwood were "2000 years old when came the dawn of Christianity," therefore human life may be prolonged beyond "the natural span." On page 78 we have an erroneous statement as to the constitution of the air, and on page 80 an inaccurate and misleading explanation of the formation of dew. Mr. Harwood's style is, moreover, open to criticism in many ways. It is, as already suggested, by far too strenuous. We Americans are surely interested in all that is

really interesting and deserving of consideration, and a simple statement of fact should be sufficient to command attention. For an American, a florid or lurid presentation of a practical matter suggests exaggeration; he becomes suspicious, if not incredulous. Mr. Harwood's book, to do him justice, needs editing, at least to an extent that would have prevented such a sentence as the following: "Indications at once pointed to a condition of affairs approaching similar to that in Spain," etc. But notwithstanding its defects, the volume offers much real information; and while we believe that it is still the same old earth which must yet for long years continue to support the race, yet we are glad to welcome any improvements in culture or method that may hasten the coming of any "new earth" wherein may dwell not only righteousness, but industry, wisdom, and comfort and happiness for men.

The museums and ruins of ancient Rome.

The intelligent and studious visitor in Rome has felt two pressing needs: a guide to its museums somewhat less minute and technical than the work of Helbig, and a guide through the ruins of the ancient city less voluminous and more up-to-date than Middleton. A work in two small volumes called "Museums and Ruins of Ancient Rome" (Dutton), with Dr. Walter Amelung and Dr. Heinrich Holtzinger as authors, arouses cheerful expectations. These are not disappointed so long as we have Dr. Amelung as a guide through the museums (Volume I.). Only the most important works are touched upon, but these are discussed by that most helpful of methods, the comparative. For example, in the presence of some special statue in a Roman gallery he describes similar works in other collections, or places on the page an illustration of a more complete or better rendering of the same statue, or a more correct representation of an original to be found elsewhere. Before such important works as the Praxitelean Venus of Cnidos, in the Vatican Gallery, we have an opportunity of comparing through the illustrations the much better copy of the head (in Berlin), and the whole of the present figure as it exists under the tin drapery which "moral barbarism" has wrapped about the lower limbs. Looking at the Discobolus of Myron, we have three variations with which to compare it. Thus the volume becomes quite a liberal education in the history of antique sculpture, which is made more thorough by its Historic Index in the concluding chapter. The second volume, on the Ruins, is somewhat smaller and distinctly poorer than the first. Dr. Holtzinger has not availed himself of the results of the most recent excavations. He seems scarcely to be aware of anything that has been done since the present century came in. Yet these six years have been the most brilliant in the whole history of excavation. In the Roman Forum more has been done in this time to uncover ancient monuments and explain ancient history than in all the combined centuries before. The tomb of Romulus and the beautiful church of Santa Maria Antiqua

have indeed each the inadequate attention of one sentence. But concerning the wonderful Sepulcretum, — that primitive burial-ground which, first discovered in 1902, has now opened up an earlier page in the history of Rome than ever before known, — there is not a single word. The excavations of 1904 around the base of the so-called Column of Phocas, which revealed brick-stamps of the time of Diocletian, four centuries before Phocas and the finding of the pontifical vases near by, are ignored. The base of the equestrian statue, found in 1903, is given no significance, and the name of Domitian in connection with it is not mentioned, although the work is almost certainly his, as proved by a remarkable correspondence to the references in Latin literature. Some of the illustrations of this work are from recent photographs; but the majority are hopelessly out of date, especially those on the northern border of the forum, which show the old tenement houses and street-car track that were demolished as long ago as 1899. The translation from the German has been done admirably by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, LL.D.

Phases and factors of trades-unions in America.

Prof. John R. Commons has selected a number of articles, mainly from economic journals, and has edited them for a volume entitled "Trade Unionism and Labor Problems," one of a series of "Selections and Documents in Economics" (Ginn & Co.), in which Mr. William Z. Ripley, the general editor, has attempted to apply the "case system" to the teaching of descriptive economics. The method is interesting, and for two reasons has led, in the case of Mr. Commons's book, to results especially fortuitous. Each chapter, in the first place, shows a greater intimacy with its particular subject than one author would have been able to sustain throughout the treatment of a question so comprehensive as "the labor problem"; and, secondly, the sum total of the opinions in the collection so discreetly compiled are far more valuable than those of any one man. Moreover, despite the variety of material in the book, a fair amount of unity is preserved through Mr. Commons's introduction, which adequately relates the chapters. To compare in any way these chapters, varied as they are in subject matter, is obviously impracticable; but one is tempted to recommend, as exceptionally well presented, Mr. Warne's "The Miners' Union," Mr. Commons's "The Teamsters of Chicago," and Mr. Bogart's "The Chicago Building Trades Dispute of 1900." — For one who has found Mr. Commons's work commendable, it is gratifying to turn to "Studies in American Trade Unionism" (Holt), edited by Mr. Jacob H. Hollander and Mr. George E. Barnett; for their method and results have been somewhat similar to those evinced in the volume first named. This latter volume consists of articles written by advanced students in Johns Hopkins University, under the direction of the editors, each student undertaking the detailed investigation of some one carefully selected aspect of trades-unions.

These tasks were faithfully performed, and the product is a careful and concise presentation of various phases of the labor problem. The chapter on the Knights of Labor and the American Federation is perhaps of the most general interest, and should be read by all who are as yet unenlightened upon the subject of these two great organizations. In reading these articles, one is deeply impressed with the fact that labor unions are in these days essentially business organizations, definitely and minutely systematized. The consequence is a more commercial relation than formerly existed between employer and employed, and the elimination of the somewhat hypocritical "paternalism." This, in turn, seems to bring about more open-handed dealing between the two great forces, and the recognition that each insists upon consideration from the other. The authors in all cases deal with facts rather than with theories; yet they evidently do not believe capital and labor entirely antagonistic, nor the adjustment of their differences impossible.

A \$6,000
prize book.

The late William Bross of Chicago established a prize in connection with Lake Forest University, to stimulate the production of the best books or treatises "on the connection, relation, and mutual bearing of any practical science, or history of our race, or the facts in any department of knowledge, with and upon the Christian Religion." In 1902, a prize of six thousand dollars was offered for the best book fulfilling any of the purposes described in the trust agreement, the manuscripts to be presented on or before June 1, 1905. The judges were Professors G. T. Ladd of Yale, A. T. Ormond of Princeton, and G. F. Wright of Oberlin. After examination of the essays and awarding of the prize by number, the sealed envelopes were broken, and it was found that Professor James Orr, of Glasgow, Scotland, had won the large sum on proofs of a book entitled "The Problem of the Old Testament." For thirty years Professor Orr has been carefully gathering up evidence on some of the serious problems that face every thoughtful reader of the Old Testament. His books already published have sufficiently indicated his type of mind. He takes a comprehensive grasp of any subject, but maintains a prevailingly conservative position. He states very fairly his opponent's view of the case, but his own view is, of course, always the stronger one. In this formidable volume of over 600 pages (Scribner) he presents a survey of the whole case before us. His statements are buttressed by profuse quotations and abundant references to the critical literature of the day. His conclusions are always conservative, though often, we are glad to see, progressively so. His work is not that of a theological archaeologist who has no mind to see the new, but he finds truth worth recognition in the advances of modern scholarship. With all his generous treatment of his opponents, we are still of the opinion that the right kind of sympathy with progressive thought would not have

led him so completely to close the door to the legitimate results of Biblical criticism. With the committee of award constituted as it was, this is precisely the kind of work that would be likely to capture the prize. There is no book in English that presents with such fulness and strength, from the conservative point of view, the problems of the Old Testament.

Two notable
centuries of
English history.

Three volumes of Professor Oman's collaborated "History of England" (Putnam) have now appeared — volumes dealing with the Stuart, the Tudor, and the Post-Saxon periods. The last of these (the second in chronological order) is devoted to the two centuries following the battle of Hastings; it bears the title "England under the Normans and Angevins," and is written by Mr. H. W. C. Davis of Balliol College, Oxford. "The period . . . covered by the present volume," says the author, "possesses a distinctive character and unity." At first sight it is difficult to see in what this unity can consist; we remember this period as one of unsettled conditions, of great conflicts in church and state and society. But when we look backward from Evesham to Hastings, and note what the intervening years accomplished, we realize that the author's statement is correct. When Edward I. ascended the throne, there was a truly English nation with a highly organized feudal society and a vigorous national church. The principle of representative government had been recognized, courts had been established, and a common law created. The author's purpose is to trace and account for these "remarkable developments." The subject is therefore treated mainly from the political side; but the social and institutional phases are not neglected. In many instances the author's conclusions are not in accord with current opinions, but in every case they are carefully stated and usually well supported. To him, the history of the age does not record "a duel between two races," but "rather a struggle of native against foreign ambitions and ideas." The effect of the Crusades on England is rated very low; the reader is left with a doubt if English society was influenced at all by these movements. Of the Great Charter, the author says: "In reality, Magna Charta made few lasting innovations and asserted no new liberties." He accuses the framers of the Charter of undue conservatism and lack of foresight. Still, he places a higher value on that document than certain continental historians have done. The book is written in a clear, easy, and entertaining style, and as a popular history it is likely to take high rank.

Fascinations of
old-fashioned
wall-papers.

Old furniture, old plate and china, and old lace, have all had many analysts; and now comes Miss Kate Sanborn riding another and wholly original new-old hobby. She has delved into the history and hunted up the surviving remnants of "Old-time Wall Papers," and from her researches and her unique collection of photographs has made a fascinating

monograph, which the Literary Collector Press of New York publishes in an attractive limited edition. Miss Sanborn was born in a room whose walls were covered with one of the famous Bay of Naples papers, and when she bought her abandoned farm, a few years ago, she found on its walls several quaint hand-painted floral designs, hidden under a half-dozen layers of cheap modern covering. So she never labored under the popular misconception that in colonial days walls were all whitewashed. Instead, she was greatly surprised to find so little material on the subject of the evolution of modern wall-hangings. The effect of this sparsity of material is evident in the earlier chapters of the book, where interesting but disjointed odds and ends of general information and description and anecdote present an unpleasant effect of scrappiness. The chapters on early American papers are much better, but the chief interest of the book lies undoubtedly in its excellent reproductions of over eighty old-time papers, most of them being patterns that covered the walls of colonial or early nineteenth-century mansions in New England. Some are reproduced in the original colors, and many plates show details as well as general views. Most of the papers shown are the panelled ones, with a different scene for each side of the room. Tropical views and mythological themes seem to be favorites, and the designs generally show an elaboration that is, to say the least, amazing. These old papers are of course rapidly disappearing, and even now Miss Sanborn's collection of photographs could not be duplicated. So her book is likely to become standard, and people who care for antiques will wish to own it.

A new life of the founder of Methodism.

Clear, readable, interesting: such will doubtless be the judgment of the average reader of Mr. T. C. Winchester's "Life of John Wesley" (Macmillan). The influence which John Wesley wielded for nearly a third of the eighteenth century in England would suggest the need of just such a volume as the author has here given to the public. There are other lives of Wesley, representing greater labor in composition and research than the present one, but no other presents with such vividness the personal side of Wesley's career. The author has not attempted an elaborate study of the man and of the important movement which has grown into the world-wide ecclesiastical organization known as Methodism. He has told us, rather, the story of both the man and the movement from the viewpoint, not of a disciple, but of one who believes that the story is worth telling afresh for popular reading.—With a fine sense of perspective, Mr. Winchester's narrative covers the years of Wesley's youth, his education at Oxford, his experience in America, and his transition struggle between a native bent toward Calvinistic introspection and those influences from without which enabled him at last to emerge in the clear light of spiritual self-discovery and service. Wesley's debt to Whitfield, who revealed to him the

possibilities of open-air preaching to the masses, was an important influence in the rise of Methodism. The genius of Wesley for organization and personal instruction, resulting in the formation of the "United Societies," is exhibited as a potent factor in the launching of the movement. The author has not permitted the social, intellectual, and religious conditions of eighteenth century England to pass without adequate notice. He sees that these conditions furnish the natural background to a biography of Wesley. The last chapter, on "John Wesley the Man," is an especially clear and satisfactory presentation of the great preacher's mind and personality.

Modern Italian novelists.

Dr. Joseph Spencer Kennard's "Italian Romance Writers" (Brentano's) is an English version of a work published last year in Italy. It is not, as might be inferred from its title, a chronological history of Italian novels and novelists, but a study of the most important of those, from Manzoni to d'Annunzio, — a study undertaken for the purpose of showing that the "birth of the novel was contemporary with the idea of nationality" and that "its development has always been simultaneous with that of the nation." Recalling some of the chief events of the past century, and examining many of the most important novels published in the past hundred years, the author traces "the parallelism and synchronism of the political and literary awakening of Italy," and compares that country's "last political changes with its last period of mental evolution and its most recent literary production, the modern novel," in order to show "how this mirror of the social conditions of the young nation has been in turn both cause and effect of the Peninsula's intellectual development." Then, taking up the Italian novel of today, and studying it by means of a comparison of past and present conditions, he not only concludes that the novel of the future will be whatever Italian life shall be, but ventures to predict that "it will be the instrument, no less than the interpreter, of Italy's progress." This hopeful view is based upon his confidence in the country's moral improvement, and with it the development of a greater respect for women and the solution of many perplexing social problems. Aside from its general comments and conclusions, the book has value for the chapters on the various Italian novelists included in its survey. It is a pity, however, that American readers could not have been presented with a version in less "rocky" English than the present one.

Discredited notions of the Civil War.

The mass of controversial writing concerning the military conduct of the Civil War receives a belated addition in Mr. Samuel Livingston French's volume on "The Army of the Potomac" (Publishing Society of New York). The work covers the history of the organization and campaigns of this great division of the Federal forces to 1863, when Meade took command. Here the story closes abruptly, without

explanation or apology. The purpose of the volume, as announced in the preface, is to award the honors impartially, and to frame an absolutely unbiassed and correct judgment concerning the various commanders of the Army of the Potomac. How impartially the work has been done, and how unbiassed are the author's judgments, may be inferred from the terms used in describing General McClellan's "weakness of character," his "bravado," his "outrageous treatment" of General Pope, his "impertinent and assinine" letters to President Lincoln, his candidacy for the presidency "on a Secession platform," and his "treasonable conduct" on many occasions. By contrast, Burnside is praised for his loyalty, courage, and honorable service. Hooker's futility is condoned because of insufficient troops and of his strained relations with Halleck. The volume is composed mainly of extracts from official documents and letters, chosen to bolster up the rather absurd and discredited positions taken by the author.

An American exposuer of modern thought. A recent volume in the excellent series of "Beacon Biographies" (Small, Maynard & Co.) deals with the life and work of John Fiske. As the author, Mr. Thomas Sargeant Perry, emphasizes, the interest in Mr. Fiske's career lies "in the part he took in unfolding modern thought to his fellow countrymen." Apart from his precocity, the story of his early life is not unusual, and his later career was marked chiefly by the appearance of his various works. His significance lies in his early acceptance of the principles of evolution, which both in philosophic and in historical aspects he clearly grasped and cogently taught. In American history he was a pioneer, in bringing the events he described into their proper relation to the history of the world, and in presenting them as elements in the "one increasing purpose" that runs throughout all cosmic and all human development. Mr. Fiske was "a born teacher," uniting accurate and varied knowledge with lucid presentation and a rare power to charm and arouse the enthusiasm of listener or reader. To those fortunate enough to enjoy his personal acquaintance, Mr. Fiske's was a gracious and attractive personality. Of his vast scholarship, his remarkable memory, his humor, and his unflinching fairness, sincerity, and integrity, Mr. Perry's brief sketch gives a clear and definite impression. One turns from it with the feeling that the picture is drawn in bold, strong lines, regretting only that fuller detail was not attempted.

Posthumous essays of a social reformer. "Man the Social Creator" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) is mainly a collection of addresses delivered by the late Henry D. Lloyd during the ten years preceding his death, and now brought together in a volume. The author never having intended them for publication, the addresses, as the editors remark, contain "many defects in argument and lucidity which Mr. Lloyd would certainly have remedied before publishing." But these defects, though numerous and

ever-present, will not deter the reader who is touched with the peculiar social longings and hopes of the day; for Mr. Lloyd was a social prophet of no ordinary power and inspiration. The main thesis of the present book is indicated by the title, namely, that man is creating, out of the divine potentialities of his own nature, the social life and institutions which are, for a large body of thinkers to-day, the "Kingdom of Heaven" upon earth. The book is also understood to embody the author's religious beliefs. One chapter sets forth that "social progress is always religious"; another preaches "the religion of labor"; elsewhere we find the more questionable doctrine that God is not yet, but is becoming, through the process of human social development. Everywhere we find optimism — evil interpreted as good in the making, and the future heralded as a mighty advance upon the present.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Leon H. Vincent's "American Literary Masters" (Houghton) is a series of essays upon nineteen of the most famous American writers, from Irving to Whitman. The work is pleasing in style, and provides much systematically-ordered information. Although not apparently intended for use as a text-book, it might profitably be used for that purpose.

"Modern Love: An Anthology," is published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley. It is a little book of poems by (mostly) living English authors, "chosen from fifty different volumes," and representing perhaps half that number of poets. The booklet is claimed to be "the first anthology of love poems to be published which has avoided the insincere elaboration and hyperbole of the style of the love poems of early literature."

"Days and Deeds" is a compilation of verse for children's reading and speaking, and is published by the Baker & Taylor Co. The editors, Burton E. Stevenson and Elizabeth B. Stevenson, have made a classified collection of what they call "the really significant poetry relating to American holidays and to great Americans," and have added thereto "an anthology of the seasons," and a brief selection of "poems every child should know." This should prove a very useful book for schools. The number of special days illustrated is no less than twenty-seven, and includes even such dubious occasions as April Fool's day, Chicago day, San Jacinto day, and Carnation day.

"A Handbook to the Works of William Shakespeare," by Mr. Morton Luce, is published by the Macmillan Co. It is a convenient compendium of "the critical and explanatory helps that must otherwise be sought from many books." A series of introductions to the separate works, taken chronologically, fills the bulk of the volume, the remaining contents being chapters of history, biography, and bibliography, with discussions of Shakespeare's art, philosophy, and metrics. The book is prepared with knowledge and judgment, and seems to be, with the possible exception of Professor Dowden's similar work, the best single volume available for a fairly close and detailed study of the poet. Certainly, the amount of matter packed within a small compass is remarkable.

NOTES.

Taine's critical study of Balzac, translated by Mr. Lorenzo O'Rourke, and provided with an introductory "appreciation" of the author by the same hand, is a recent publication of the Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The publishing firm of Fox, Duffield & Co., of New York, will hereafter be known as Duffield & Co., Mr. Fox retiring. The officers of the new corporation are Pitts Duffield, Kenneth Duffield, and F. A. Richardson.

Two recent text-books published by the Macmillan Co. are "English Studies in Interpretation and Composition," by Messrs. M. S. and O. I. Woodley, and a "School History of the United States," by Mr. Henry William Elson.

To the "Temple Greek and Latin Classics" (text and translation) has just been added Plato's "Euthyphro," "Apology," and "Crito," introduced and edited by Mr. F. M. Stawell. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

New editions of Baedeker's "Rhine" and "Great Britain," the sixteenth and sixth respectively, are imported by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. J. F. Muirhead continues to act in his capacity as editor of the "Great Britain" manual.

A third edition of the Abbé J. A. Dubois's work on "Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies," as translated by Mr. Henry K. Beauchamp, comes to us from the Oxford Clarendon Press. The translator's introduction and Max Müller's prefatory note are both reprinted.

To the "Miniature Reference Library" of the Messrs. Routledge is now added "Five Thousand Words Frequently Misspelt," by Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein. Many proper names are included, and the little book as a whole bears the marks of very careful preparation.

"Early Diplomatic Negotiations of the United States with Russia," by Mr. John C. Hildt, and "The Finances of American Trade Unions," by Dr. A. M. Sakolski, are two recent publications of the Johns Hopkins University in the "Historical and Political Science" Series.

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A tenth edition of "The Elements of Jurisprudence," by Thomas Erskine Holland, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde at the Oxford University Press, from which source we have also "The First Year of Roman Law," translated by Dr. Charles P. Sherman from the French of M. Fernand Bernard.

An old fashion in sensational fiction is recalled to us by a new edition of James De Mille's "Cord and Creese," a story better worth reading than most of the more recent examples of its class. Even the double columns of the old familiar print are reproduced. Messrs. Harper & Brothers first copyrighted the book in 1869, and now send us this reprint.

From Messrs. Taylor & Taylor (Richmond) we have an issue of "The John P. Branch Historical Papers of Randolph-Macon College," having for its contents a study of the public life of R. M. T. Hunter, by Mr. D. R. Anderson, and a series of reprints from the "Richmond Inquirer" of 1821, illustrative of the opposition to Chief Justice Marshall in his native State of Virginia.

The book of "Chevalier Bayard," in Sara Coleridge's translation, is a new "Pocket Classic," and "The Travels of Mungo Park" a new "Thin Paper Classic," in the well-known series of reprints published in London by Mr. George Newnes, and imported for the American market by the Messrs. Scribner.

All students of Spanish literature are familiar with the extensive collection by Rivadeneyra, in 71 volumes, known as the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, the publication of which was begun in 1846 and suspended in 1880, shortly after the death of its founder and publisher. No one now remains of the little group of scholars who were associated together in this most praiseworthy task of editing and publishing such Spanish texts as were either rare or difficult of access until that time to the general public. We are particularly interested, therefore, in a prospectus recently received of a *Nueva Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, to be published by the well-known house of Bailly-Baillière y Hijos of Madrid, under the direction of that profound scholar and delightful writer, Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, with the collaboration of such noted specialists as R. Menéndez Pidal, M. Serrano y Sanz, A. Bonilla y San Martín, E. Cotarelo y Mori, M. Mir, and other distinguished Spanish scholars. It is the purpose of the *Nueva Biblioteca* to offer a continuation and complement to the *Biblioteca* of Rivadeneyra, though not to follow too closely its plan or imitate exactly its methods, particularly in the reproduction of texts. In the collection by Rivadeneyra, modern orthography is used in all texts, even those of the Middle Ages; and in many philological accuracy is wanting. In the *Nueva*, all texts preceding the classical epoch are to be reproduced with their peculiar orthography, those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to be left to the discretion of the individual editors, and those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to be printed according to modern usage. Voluminous though the work of Rivadeneyra is, there are some literary classes or periods that are but poorly represented, if at all. This is notably true of the literature of the Middle Ages. Of the classical epoch, the dramatists anterior to Lope, and those of second order, lyrical poetry, mystical literature, didactic writings and historiography, receive but scant attention. In the eighteenth century the drama, the novel, and scientific literature are more or less neglected, and almost no treatment is given to nineteenth-century writers. It is the intention of the *Nueva Biblioteca* to fill up these lacunae, and if the ambitious project is realized, the number of volumes in the collection may readily exceed the 71 of Rivadeneyra. The scholarly treatment of the works already published speaks well for the rest of the series, and we feel convinced that we are greeting the best of the many excellent collections of which Spanish literature can boast.

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[The following list, containing 52 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll, K. G. (1825-1900). Edited by the Dowager Duchess of Argyll. In 2 vols., illus. in color, photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$10. net.

Burford Papers: Being Letters of Samuel Crisp to his Sister at Burford; and other Studies of a Century (1745-1845). By William Holden Hutton, B.D. Illus. in photographure, etc., 8vo, uncut, pp. 365. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

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A Political History of the State of New York, 1774-1861. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander, A.M. In 2 vols., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Henry Holt & Co. Per vol., \$2.50 net.

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